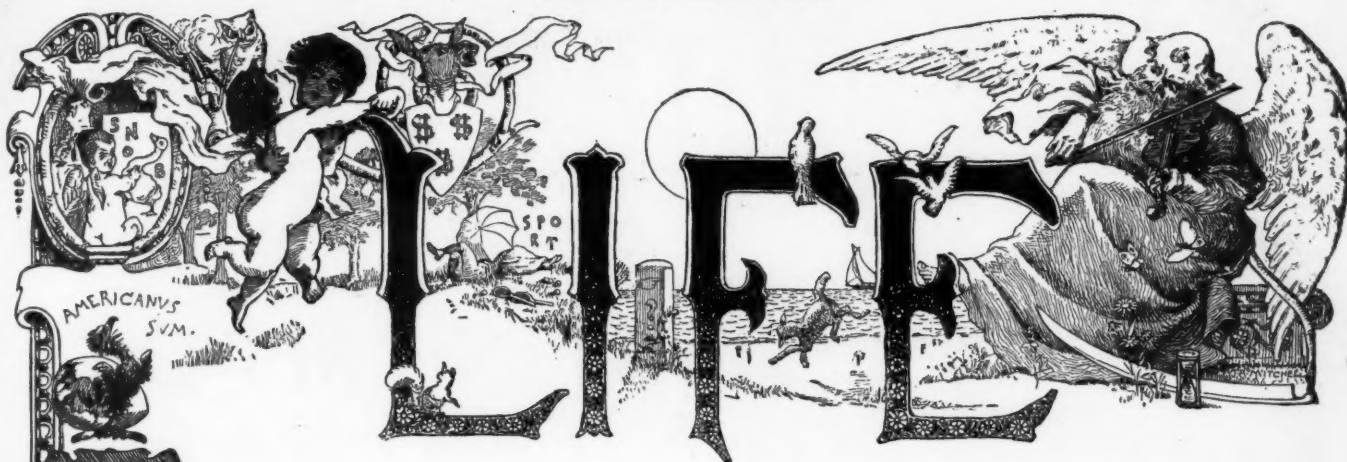


Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.  
Copyright, 1893, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



## SIMPLICITY.

*Old Friend:* YOU THINK YOU HAVE BROUGHT UP YOUR DAUGHTER VERY STRICTLY?

*Fond Mother:* OH, MY, YES! SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT A MAN IS!

*O. F.:* THEN I OUGHT TO TELL HER THE NEXT TIME I SEE HER MISTAKE ONE FOR A DIVAN, OUGHTN'T I?



AMATEUR BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP  
OF AMERICA TROPHY.  
PRESENTED BY MR. ISAAC TOWNSEND.  
WON BY MR. ORVILLE ODDIE

HAVE REMOVED  
TO  
BROADWAY & 18th ST.  
TWO BLOCKS ABOVE  
FORMER LOCATION.

# Solid Silver

Exclusively.



## WHITING M'F'G CO.

Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th Street,

NEW YORK.

## "EXPOSITION FLYER"

Is the name of the new 20-hour train of the

### NEW YORK CENTRAL

between New York and Chicago,—every day in the year.

This is the fastest thousand mile train on the globe, and is second only in speed to the famous

### EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS

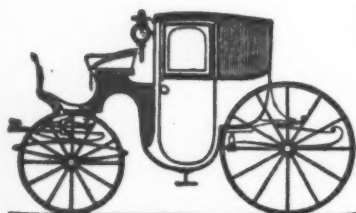
whose record for two years has been the wonder and admiration of the world of travel.

The New York Central stands at the head for the speed and comfort of its trains. A ride over its line is the finest one day railroad ride in the world.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" send two 2-cent stamps to  
GEORGE H. DANIELS,  
General Passenger Agent,  
GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK.

## FLANDRAU & Co.,

372, 374, 376 BROOME ST.



Pleasure Vehicles for  
Town and Country.

All Standard Designs and Novelties.

LARGEST STOCK  
FINISHED VEHICLES  
IN THE WORLD

### Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's Exposition Plans.—Daily Trains and a Permanently Constructed Hotel.

There are daily special trains from the Eastern cities (Sundays excepted), made up of vestibuled Pullman palace cars of the latest and most elegant kind, both sleeping-cars and dining-cars. These run to a private station, from whence the passengers are conveyed, a distance of only two city squares, to the great hotel which the firm has built near the Exposition grounds, and which Colonel Oscar G. Barron, the famous White Mountain landlord, has been engaged to manage during the Exposition season.

The "Raymond & Whitcomb Grand" is supplied with apparatus for distilling water and manufacturing ice therefrom, thus protecting its guests from the alleged impure water supply of Chicago.

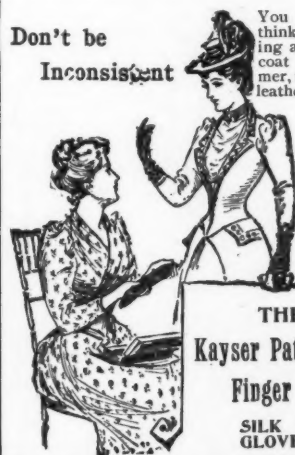
Trains, station, and hotel are all intended for the exclusive use of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's patrons. Persons who desire to visit the Exposition in the most comfortable manner possible, to make the best use of their time while there, and to secure the best hotel accommodations to be had in the city—in short, who wish to see the great Fair under the best auspices—will avail themselves of the splendid opportunities furnished only by these trips. A descriptive circular can be obtained of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, 31 East Fourteenth Street (corner of Union Square), New York.

### WHY ON ONE AND NOT THE OTHER?



An ingenious device invented by a horse for adding to the comfort and beauty of man while exercising.

Don't be  
Inconsistent



THE  
Kaysar Patent  
Finger Tipped  
SILK  
GLOVES

Don't have that creepy feeling found in others. A guarantee ticket goes with them, calling for another pair, free, if the tips wear out before the gloves.

If your dealer hasn't this glove, write to JULIUS KAYSER, New York, and he will see that you get it.

39 YEARS IN FULTON STREET.

## H. B. KIRK & CO.

DO NOT SELL  
Mixed or Compounded Goods.  
PRICE ACCORDING TO AGE.

No other house can furnish  
"OLD CROW" RYE WHISKEY  
Sold by us uncolored, unsweetened.

Sole Agents for  
The PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.  
Sole Agents for the INGLENOOK WINES.  
Send for Catalogue.

69 FULTON ST. - 9 WARREN ST.  
Broadway & 27th St., New York.



DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THIS WE THINK PUTS LIFE FIRST IN THE FIELD, FOR THIS SUMMER, ON THIS ALWAYS INTERESTING QUESTION.

**TOTAL ABSENCE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.**

"THAT carpenter a-workin' on th' new house nex' door is the meanes' man I ever saw," said Johnny Make-things to his father, as he came in with a disappointed expression on his face.

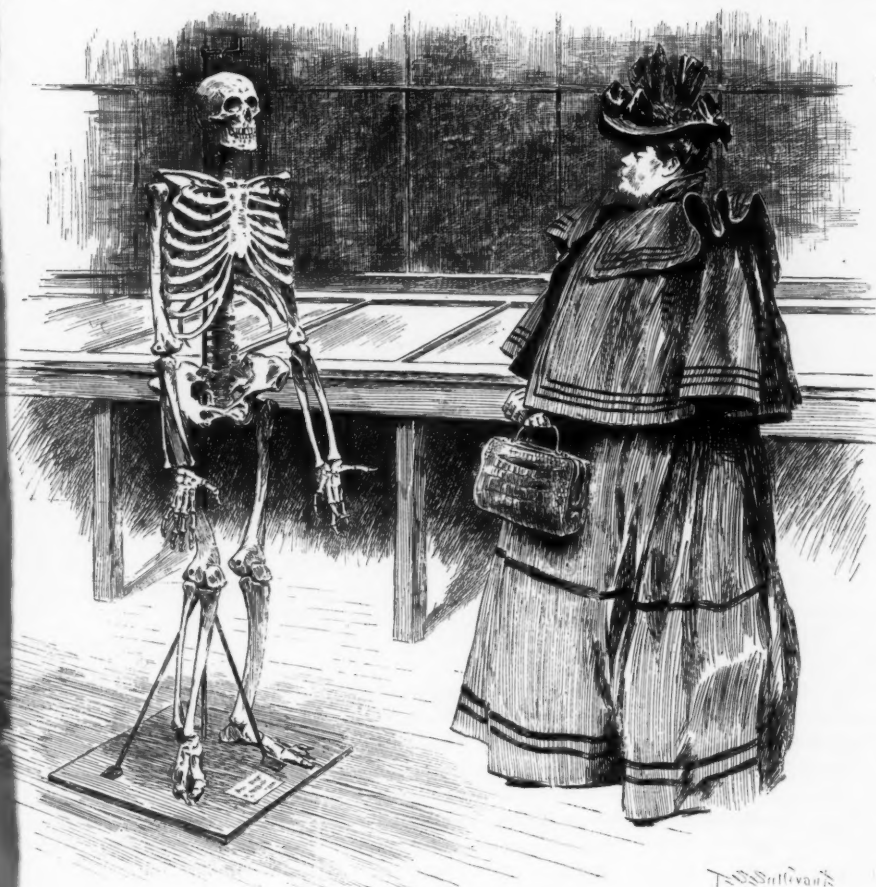
"What makes you think so?"

"W'y, I ast him to lemme his key-hole saw to cut a door in my pigin house, an' he said he wouldn' lend that saw to his own father to cut his head off with."

**WHIST TERMS.**



POINTS.



**EXTREMES MEET.**

GOODNESS! WHAT A COMFORTABLE CONDITION FOR SUMMER!





"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXI.

JUNE 22, 1893.

No. 547.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



WHAT is it about theosophy? Does it really bite? Has any other-wise reliable person looked into it? Are its germs discernible under the microscope, and is there a theosophical bacillus that calls for "prompt measures" and extinction by the Board of Health? LIFE has never had it, and wants to know. Has Dr. Jenkins got it on his list? Is it a member of Tammany Hall, and has the *Evening Post* got a nickname for it?

It must be rather a solemn thing, for the newspapers report that the matron of the Wilson

Mission, who was lately discovered to be afflicted with it, was promptly dismissed for fear the contagion would spread around Tompkins Square. But the ambulance that took her away had hardly turned the corner before two of the teachers employed at the same institution broke out with the same complaint, and it is reported at this writing that a third teacher shows some of the premonitory symptoms.



IT has been supposed that theosophy was an odd but innocent metaphysical persuasion that was invented in India, and that some clever people like Mr. Marion Crawford and Mrs. Besant had used with favorable results in their business. But either it is much more dangerous and detrimental than has been supposed, or else the managers of the Wilson Mission are disguised theosophists themselves, and are trying to see what persecution may do to spread the cult that they affect. A sewing teacher who had been threatened with

dismissal from the Wilson Mission unless she gave up theosophy, replied that she'd no more do it than abandon her belief in Christianity. It would seem from this as if theosophy must be some sort of religious speculation, not necessarily pagan, and not even incompatible with Christian belief. If it is nothing worse than that, LIFE hopes the Wilson Mission people will see their way to let it run its course in peace. It is all very well for the Presbyterian General Assembly to insure the adoption of the "higher criticism" by disciplining Dr. Briggs, for that is what General Assemblies are for; and besides, the "higher criticism" is sound and ought to be adopted. But until a great deal more is known about theosophy, and assurance is felt that there is really something in it that we all ought to have, it seems a great mistake to fertilize it over-much with the blood of martyrs. Possibly it may be useful.

\* \* \*

LIFE has vaguely understood that there was telepathy and mind-cure in it. But even if it should enable us to dispense with the services of the telegraph and telephone companies, and of the post office, and of all the physicians except seventh sons and natural bone-setters, it would still seem preferable to let it establish itself by natural processes and not try to force it on the community by anything like persecution. It may be an excellent thing, but we can wait for it.

\* \* \*



EDWIN BOOTH leaves no successor. The conviction that we shall not readily look upon his like again is strengthened by the knowledge

that even if there was budding talent equal to his, there is no existing school of acting that compares with the one

in which he was trained. Besides we raise such very small crops of tragedians just now, that natural selection hasn't half a chance to do its office. When the demand is so small as only to call out a meagre supply there is no assurance that the fittest will survive.

\* \* \*

BUT if we shall not now get another Edwin Booth, we shall not soon forget the one we have had. It is strange how long and vividly great actors are remembered. It would seem as if the impressions they made were most transitory, and as if they would step off the stage plumb into oblivion. On the contrary, they are better remembered than statesmen or generals, except those of the very highest rank. David Garrick is a familiar figure to our generation, and Edwin Booth is likely to be almost equally familiar to our successors who will hold the next Columbian celebration in 1992.



WHY AND WHY NOT?

**A** BRITON!

Yes, and an English one at that.

A lord?

No! Just an ordinary Englishman—that is, an extra-desirable ordinary Englishman.

And she is going to *marry* him!

She seems to think so! Why not?

Why, what is Thames alongside of Mississippi that she should look so far for a husband?

She certainly could have got one at home if she had tried.

Undoubtedly. Why didn't she?

Take a look at that chap! Well built, well dressed, good tempered, good spirits, good manners—good figure of a man isn't he?

All that, to look at.

Not bad to marry so far as you can see.

Oh, no!

Not bad inside either—good sense enough, good education, good nature, good set, good place in the country.

With the help of her fortune what can they have? Such an English country home as she has read about ever since she was a little girl, good roads, hunting, pleasant rural society, a picturesque church with a curtained pew, good servants, house in London in the season, freedom from catarrh, Paris shops and dressmakers within eight hours ride, a pleasant trip home every year or two, and more straggling Americans always within reach than she has time to play with.

Anything else?

One other thing—a social position of definite distinction, with a small army of betters and a great army of inferiors, both clearly ascertained and recognized.

And would such a position please her?

It is to be feared that it would.

Yet it is one of the impediments to human happiness from which the Revolution freed us.

It freed us from being the under dog, but not wholly from wanting to be the upper one. Revolution cannot do that; it takes conversion.

Does he really offer her all those other easements and privileges?

He does not absolutely offer them, but they contemplate all those delights as feasible consequences of a blended income spent in England.

And can't she have them at home?

Not the roads, nor the servants, nor the real "English country-life," that she has been fed on by Henry James, nor the London season, nor the propinquitous Paris, nor the hunting, nor yet just that kind of a man. It takes more leisure to grow those chaps than this country has been able to afford yet.

Why don't all the rich girls marry Britons then?

Oh; there are not enough first-quality Britons to go around for one thing, and propinquity if often lacking for another, and some eligible girls lose their heads and fall in love with their own countrymen, and a good many insist on titles, and a good many more are snapped up on the continent, and—and then, besides—

Well?

There's another thing, a—a kind of flaw in the title to all those delights we were speaking of.

Yes?

Yes. You see there's a rumor got around that those pleasant looking, leisure-class Englishmen, expect their wives to obey them!

No!!

Yes, and it is even hinted that to enforce obedience they have been known to throw a boot!

Oh! Oh!!

In short, that the men own England, and use it for the promotion of their personal comfort.

Pigs!

Whereas everyone knows that the chief end of the existence of the United States is to make women happy.

And is that why the American men often look so haggard and worn?

That undoubtedly is one reason.

So some prefer to marry at home!

Yes, and have catarrh, bad roads, unskilful servants and three American children, instead of going over there and having eight little British subjects and the comforts of an English home.

Odd, isn't it!

Yes, and not so inexplicably odd after all. *E. S. M.*

#### HE WANTED TO KNOW.

**W**ILLIS: I found a vacant seat when I got on an Elevated train for Harlem to-day.

**WALLACE:** A vacant seat? What's that?

#### OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,791.37	Ella Dissell, Philadelphia,	\$1.00
From a Circle of King's Daughters, Boston, . . . . . 5.75	Chas. Dissell do, . . . . . 10.00	
From Edith and Dorothy Taussig, 4 and 3 years of age, their savings during the winter, . . . . . 3.00	"Rye Seminary Guild", . . . . . 5.00	
From Harry D. Brandeis, . . . . . 3.00	Parlor Fair held April 6, by E. M., S. L., J. O., C. G., L. F. and R. S., . . . . . 20.00	
The Silent Workers Club of four little girls, Helen M. Stedman, Ethel Hobart, Alice O. Harris, Anne W. Harris, . . . . . 38.50	E. G. J., . . . . . 25.00	
	From a Young Girl, . . . . . 2.00	
	Paterson, N. J., . . . . . 5.00	
	Cash, . . . . . 25.00	
	E. O. Gerberding, . . . . . 4.45	
		\$1,939.07



#### A NEW KIND OF ARMY NOVEL.

**S**OMEHOW we have come to think of the American "Army Novel" as a rather cheap and tawdry affair—full of impossible men and women who do things theatrically. All the brave men strut a bit about their little stage; all the beautiful women are just a little wicked; and nobody ever does a natural, generous deed except on the night before Christmas, when that sort of thing is expected even of army heroes.

But the novel "In Blue Uniform" (Scribner's) by George I. Putnam, is a very different kind of Army story by a new writer. The tone of it is quiet, well-bred and artistic. The mere pageantry of army-post life, which attracts attention because it is different from ordinary life, has little to do with it. The author does not slight his literary art because he happens to have a novel background for his story. Indeed the opening chapters are, perhaps, too deliberate in their elaboration of detail—and yet when you have read them you are at home in the post; you have a vivid image of the color, stage-setting, and people who make a little world of their own. This small square of the great Texas prairie has become a real place to your imagination.

\* \* \*

**A**S for the officers and soldiers, with their wives and sweethearts—they all step quietly out of the prairie dust, and assume a definite individuality. No one of them is a nonentity labelled with shoulder straps; neither has he a touch of the mock-heroic. Indeed its admirable restraint is unusual in a first novel.

Of course with these qualities one has a right to expect something of that proper feeling which exists among other people of well-ordered life. The sentiments which appear in melodramas often exist in real life—strange as that may seem; but they are always found in the possession of people whose lives are as ignorantly constructed as most melodramas. Everybody knows that the West Pointer is a man of education who has been taught self-control from the time he was eighteen. Therefore, in fiction, as in life, he ought to act like a reasonable being, and in Mr. Putnam's novel he always does.

Women who read the story will be surprised to discover that most of the wives and sweethearts of American officers





"I HAVE RAISED \$500.00 OF THE AMOUNT I OWE YOU, WHICH I WILL FORWARD—"



—AS SOON AS I AM ABLE TO GET UP. I HAVE BEEN IN BED THREE DAYS—



—WITH SMALLPOX, AND—



*The Bull:* I GUESS THAT GIRL BELIEVED HIM WHEN HE SAID HE WOULD DIE FOR HER, BUT I DON'T THINK SHE HAD AN IDEA THAT HE INTENDED TO RUN HIMSELF TO DEATH.

are not addicted to malice, scandal and treachery in love. These women seem to be very much in love with their husbands, fond of society, and withal fairly charitable. Of course they are given to gossip—but "gossip is contemporary history"—and all women are born historians.

INCIDENTALLY Mr. Putnam's story contains some pertinent reflections on the status of the enlisted man in the American army—a question which has bothered all army men from Post Commander to Secretary of War. The hero of the novel, *Lyndon*, believes that the only way to raise the standard is to treat the enlisted man as though he were a human being with ambition, and not a mere cog in a drill-machine. "It is a mighty good thing" says the Major, "for a man to have a steady ticker in his breast; but a good heart is better."

*Droch.*

#### NEW BOOKS.

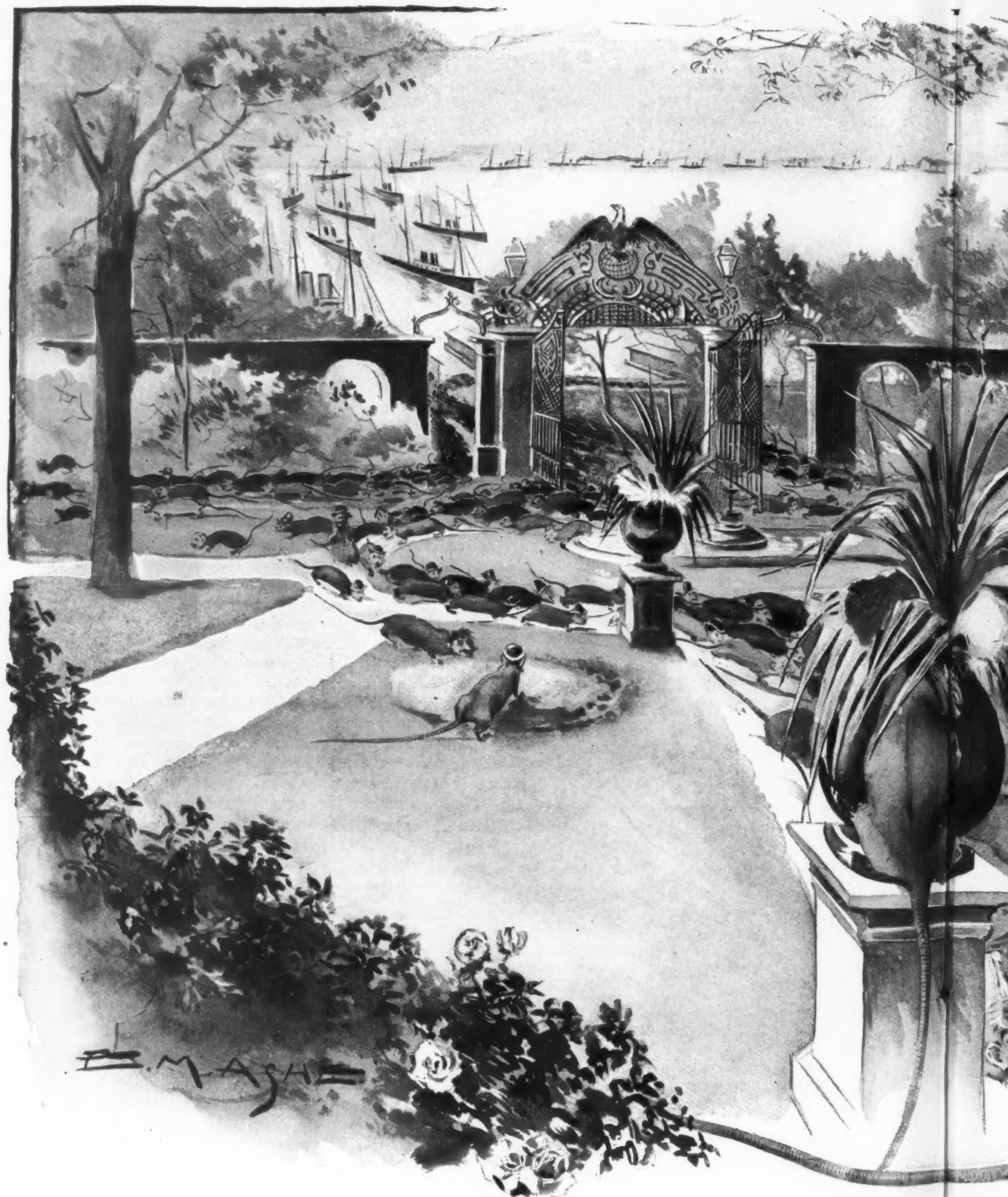
*STORIES OF THE RAILWAY.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
*Old Kaskaskia.* By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.  
*My Wickedness.* New York: The Cleveland Publishing Company.  
*Cap and Gown.* Boston: Joseph Knight Company.  
*Am I a Jew or Gentile?* By Thomas A. Davies. New York: G. W. Dillingham.  
*Jessamine.* By Marion Harland. New York: G. W. Dillingham.  
*I've Been Thinking.* By A. S. Roe. New York: G. W. Dillingham.  
*Stories About Doctors.* By J. Cordy Jefferson. New York: G. W. Dillingham.  
*What Colors You Should Wear.* Boston: Walter G. Chase.  
*The Vest Pocket Webster.* Chicago: Laird and Lee.  
*Christ.* By C. Sadakichi Hartmann.  
*A Medicus in Love.* By G. Von Taube. New York: W. D. Rowland.

#### POEMS OF STYLE.

PRINCIPAL: Now, young ladies, it is time you commenced to think of your graduation essays.

YOUNG LADY: I suppose we are to put a good deal of research into them, are we not?

PRINCIPAL: Yes, they ought not to be too long, and very modest in the matter of crinoline.



AN INTERESTING QUESTION

HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE THE RATS OWN THE GARDEN





RESTING QUESTION.

THE RATS OWN THE GARDEN AND THE MAN GETS OUT?

## THE PRINCESS'S DAY.

HAMFATINA GETS A VIEW OF  
NEW YORK.SHE ATTENDS A BALL IN THE EVENING  
—INCIDENTS OF A BUSY DAY—HER  
FUTURE PROGRAMME.

THE Princess Hamfatina had a busy day yesterday. She arose at six o'clock, after partaking of six gin cocktails in bed. The gin cocktail is the native drink in the Jagwagi country and the Princess brought a large supply with her, not knowing that the fluid could be obtained in this country. Then after a light breakfast of poached ostrich eggs and elephant steak, she gave an audience to Commander Bloomington Blaggart, the United States representative "near to the person" of Her Highness. The Commander announced that he had thoroughly insulted everybody who had called to pay their respects to the Princess and that the dignity of the Nation's guest had therefore been properly sustained.

For the day, he had arranged that the Princess should attend a dog fight at Alderman O'Keefe's palatial resort in the Fourth Ward, a wake at the residence of Assemblyman Donoghue, and a banquet at Tammany Hall.

## THE START.

At exactly nine o'clock the Princess, leaning on the arm of Commander Blaggart and followed by one of her husbands and Secretary Umbjojo, descended to her carriage. This was a handsome hack from the stables of Flynn Bros., drawn by four pure white hearse horses and decorated with the mingled Irish and Jagwagi colors. She sat on the back seat with her husband, Commander Blaggart and Umbjojo facing her. As the carriage rolled away, the Jagwagi Royal Tom-tom Band started up the Jagwagi National Anthem and the Princess gracefully waived her slipper at the assembled hotel porters and waiters.

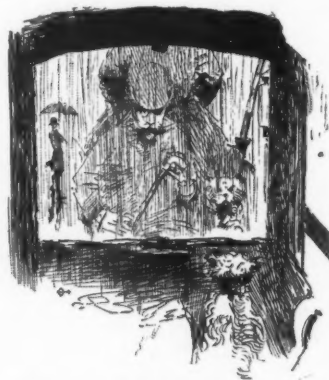
## AT ALDERMAN O'KEEFE'S:

Some of the best known residents of the Fourth Ward had been invited to meet the Princess at Alderman O'Keefe's. Before the dog fight began District Leader McGuirk made an address in Irish, which the Princess speaks like a policeman. The fight was a great success and the Princess showed her delight by clapping her little

hands at every exciting moment, until warned by Commander Blaggart that it was not considered good form in the neighborhood of the Bowery for a lady to clap her hands at a dog fight.

## THE WAKE.

From here the party drove to 146 Hester Street, of which the third floor back apartment is occupied by Assemblyman Donoghue. The Assemblyman is a power in Tammany, and



COMMANDER BLOOMINGTON BLAGGART.

was delighted to welcome a royal princess to his grandmother's wake. Everything went off charmingly until a party of young men from Rivington Street, known to the police as the Tin-Horn Gang, attempted by force to join in the festivities. The Assemblyman's friends gathered to the rescue, and the Princess said she had not seen such a lovely scrimmage since Ward McAllister and the Four Hundred heard the announcement that luncheon was served on the royal yacht.

## AT TAMMANY HALL.

When Tammany starts to do anything, whether it is to carry an election district or give a banquet, it is apt to do it thoroughly. On her arrival at the Hall the Princess was received by a committee, at the head of which was Garbage-Commissioner O'Rourke, magnificent in the regalia of the Noble Sons of St. Patrick. The Mayor occupied the head of the table and the Princess occupied the place of honor at his right. By some oversight, no places had been reserved for her husband or Commander Blaggart, so these gentlemen had to go across the way and content themselves with industriously assailing the free lunch in Waggenheimer's beer dispensary.

## THE STATE BALL.

After returning to the hotel, for the purpose of powdering her nose, the Princess proceeded to the Madison Square Garden, where all

was in readiness for the ball. She had improved her toilet by putting on the crown jewels of Jagwagi, and was escorted by Commander Blaggart, Mrs. Blaggart, the six Misses Blaggart, and Commander Blaggart's two maiden aunts. It was during the reception that occurred the only unpleasant event of the day. Mrs. Phenwicke Strutters, whose position in New York society is unquestioned, when presented to the Princess, in the embarrassment of the moment rubbed noses with her so violently that the Princess lost her temper and gave Mrs. Strutters an energetic box on the left ear. Mrs. Strutters, not being accustomed to the etiquette of foreign courts, thought



THE CROWN JEWELS OF JAGWAGI.

this was a special mark of the royal favor, and during the remainder of the evening was even more supercilious than usual. The Princess, being greatly fatigued, remained at the ball but a short time and returned to the hotel before midnight.

## NOTES.

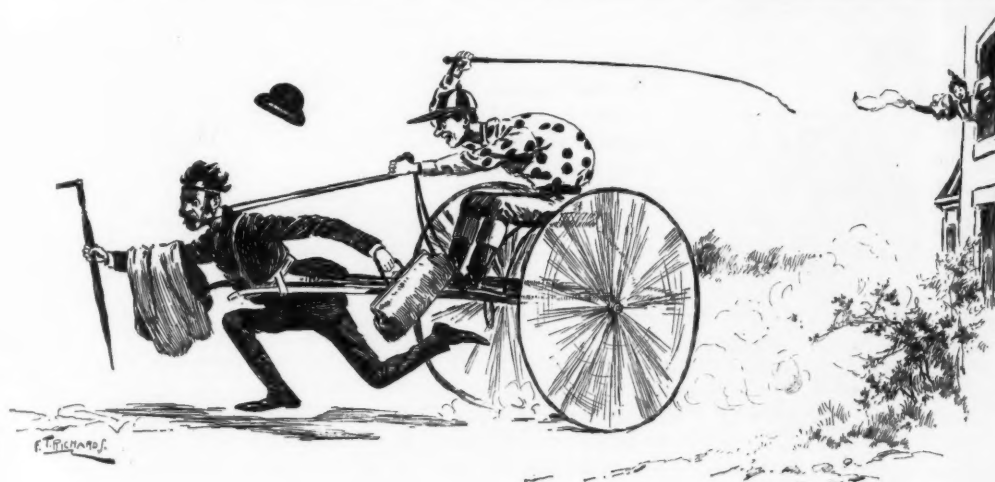
To-day the Princess visits the Mott Street opium joints.

At the ball last evening the Princess danced but once. It was thought that Mr. Wadleigh Van Huysen Harlemlots, as the representative of one of our most exclusive families, would be her partner, but the Committee of Three Thousand awarded the honor to Mr. Terence Sheehan, the eldest son of Contractor Sheehan, a well-known contributor to Tammany's treasury.



ADVERTISING IN 1894.

SOME NEW EFFECTS IN LANDSCAPE.



SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST.

**TACKLOW:** I see there is a man in Boston who claims to have invented a field-glass with which you can see through fog.

**BACKROW:** If he could succeed in inventing an opera glass with which you could see through millinery he'd make his fortune.

**SKINNER:** I am a trifle particular—I always pick my friends.

**SKUNN** (*his creditor to the extent of a hundred or so*): Yes, as you would a chicken.





SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

## HE WAS ONE OF THEM.

"THE Board will please remain after the congregation is dismissed," said the Reverend Mr. Harps.

After the congregation had filed out, the minister observed that a stranger still kept his seat.

"Ah, my friend, did you wish to see me?" asked the good man.

"Not particularly," replied the stranger.

"Then, pardon me, but why are you waiting?"

"Because you asked me to stay."

"I am sorry, but you are mistaken. I asked the Board to remain."

"Well, I am one of the bored."

## A PROUD FATHER.

FORRESTER: What's the matter with Jones? He never speaks to a body now.

LANCASTER: Of course not. Their new baby weighed fifteen pounds.



DIDN'T KNOW IT.

"BUT YOU WERE WELL OFF BEFORE YOU WERE MARRIED."

"YES; BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT."



*The Unmarried One:* JACK IS NOT RICH, BUT THEN ONE IN MODERATE CIRCUMSTANCES CAN BE HAPPY. DON'T YOU THINK SO?  
*The Married One:* YES, BUT NOT TWO, DEAR.

## A FRENCH PLAY CONDENSED.

## SCENE I.

HENRI: O, my poor friend, it is true! I love your wife and she loves me.

PIERRÉ: My God! Is it so? You love my Mathilde and she returns your love? Come with me; I must know it from her own lips.

## SCENE II.

PIERRÉ: Is it true, Mathilde? Do you love Henri?

MATHILDE: Ah, my poor husband, it is too true! I do!

PIERRÉ: And you love Mathilde, Henri?

HENRI: My God! Yes.

PIERRÉ: O that my life should be so blasted! But I cannot stand in the way of two such loving hearts. Take her, Henri. Go to his arms, Mathilde.

MATHILDE: Never! Only a minute ago I loved Henri. Now I love you, only you. Your generosity has overwhelmed me. Be always thus generous and no one shall take my love from thee. (*All three embrace and shed tears.*)

W. L. Riordan.

POKER TERMS.



MAKING GOOD.

LADY COLIN CAMP-  
BELL SAYS KISSING  
INJURES THE  
COMPLEXION.

THE Boston girl arises,  
Transcendently sedate,  
And taking off her glasses  
Says: "I guess I'll osculate."

The *comme il faut* New Yorker,  
With a radiant high-bred smile  
And blush, says: "My complexion's  
Got to stand it for a while."

The Philadelphia maiden,  
With a Quaker quibbling coo,  
Prepares her lips to pucker  
In the quiet drab "Oo, oo."

The regal Baltimorean  
Stoops to conquer with her wit:  
"Just look at my complexion!  
It isn't spoiled a bit."

The Washingtonian damsel,  
Such a dear cosmopolite,  
With a blush remarks: "The lady  
Isn't altogether right."



"AT PAR."



THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

"I SHALL NEVER BELIEVE THERE HAS BEEN MUCH ROMANCE IN YOUR LIFE, MR. BOND."

"WELL, THERE HAS. I PROPOSED TO AN HEIRESS BY MAIL. SHE ACCEPTED ME BY TELEGRAM, WHICH AN ERROR OF TRANSMISSION MADE A REFUSAL. I WENT WEST. WHEN I RETURNED HER FATHER HAD FAILED AND SHE HAD MARRIED A POOR MAN. I RECOVERED THE AMOUNT OF HER DOWRY, WITH INTEREST, FROM THE TELEGRAPH COMPANY, BUT LOST IT ALL WHEN SHE SUED ME FOR BREACH OF PROMISE."

The Richmond girl, in whispers  
Like some dreamy music, low,  
States firmly: "My complexion  
Isn't everything, you know."

The bright Atlanta maiden,  
With a pretty, harmless flirt,  
Is sure that her complexion  
Isn't quite so easy hurt.

The famed Kentucky beauty,  
In a voice as soft and clear  
As blue-grass skies are, murmurs:  
"It is *my* complexion, dear."

The young Chicago woman  
Twitters in her fond delight:  
"I want a good complexion,  
But the price is out of sight."

The coy St. Louis maiden,  
Who's as cute as she is fair,  
Announces: "My complexion  
Isn't in it. See? So there!"

The Denver dear-delightful  
Inquires: "Where am I at?  
You bet that Lady Colin  
Is conversing through her hat!"

The far Pacific angel  
Says that she would like to say,  
She loves a nice complexion  
If it isn't built that way.

And thus in every city—  
Who will say it isn't so?  
Complexions are not in it  
If the kisses have to go.



A WELL-KNOWN New Yorker, who has been in San Francisco for the last couple of weeks, tells the following story about the Bradley-Martins. It seems that George de Forest Grant, who is a handsome and athletic young man as well as a great favorite in New York, in the clubs and in society, was in the same Paris hotel with the Bradley-Martins, whom he did not know. Mr. Grant, who is of a convivial temperament, was lying in bed one morning about eleven o'clock, with a dark brown taste in his mouth. His servant presently brought in a note, which Mr. Grant opened. It ran as follows:

"Mrs. Bradley-Martin presents her compliments to Mr. George de Forest Grant, and begs to know whether he would surrender his first-floor apartments for the use of her niece."

Mr. Grant was so amazed that he at once became very wide awake. He proceeded to write the following reply:

"Mr. George de Forest Grant presents his compliments to Mrs. Bradley-Martin, and begs to know whether her niece drinks."

It did not take long for this remarkable missive to bring an answer, which ran as follows:

"Mrs. Bradley-Martin is much surprised at the extraordinary question put to her by Mr. George de Forest Grant, but begs to assure him most emphatically that her niece does not drink."

Back numbers of LIFE can be had by applying at this office. Single copies of Vols. I. and II. out of print. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00. Vols. II., VIII., XIII. and XIV., \$30.00 each, bound. Vols. VII., X., XI., XII. V. and XVI., \$10.00 each, bound. Vols. III., IV., V., VI., IX., XVII. and XVIII., \$10.00 each, bound. Vols. XIX. and XX. \$5.00 each. Back numbers, one year old, 25 cents per copy. Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

The correspondence then came to a sudden ending through the following note from Mr. Grant:

"Mr. George de Forest Grant very much regrets that he cannot give up his first-floor apartments to Mrs. Bradley-Martin's niece, for he is convinced that as that young lady does not drink, it is very much easier for her to get up stairs than it is for Mr. Grant."—*Argonaut.*

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: We cannot afford fish at your prices. They cost too much. FISHMAN: I have several dozen oysters, ma'am, left over from April, marked down fifty per cent.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: Oh, good. Send them up. John is so fond of oysters.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"The inventor of the alphabet must have been a modest man," said Hawkins.

"Why so?" asked Ma'son.

"Because he began it with A," said Hawkins. "Most men would have begun it with I."—*Harper's Bazar.*

MINKS: Say, Winks, my wife tells me that new servant girl you have is a thief, and you'd better be on your guard.

WINKS: I suspected as much; been missing all sorts of things. But she is so efficient and respectful, my wife won't get rid of her.

MINKS: She'd send her flying if you'd use a little management.

WINKS: What shall I do?

MINKS: Kiss your wife in the dark some night and pretend you think it's the servant girl.—*New York Weekly.*

★ THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD ★

# IMPERIAL GRANUM

PURE, DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN

FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS.

FOR DYSPETIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS

AN UNRIVALLED FOOD IN THE SICK-ROOM

25¢ DRUGGISTS \* SHIPPING DEPOT—JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK

Richfield Springs, N. Y.

SPRING HOUSE AND BATHS.

OPEN JUNE 17 TO OCTOBER.

NEW YORK OFFICE, WINDSOR HOTEL, T. R. PROCTOR.

# MASON & HAMLIN

Boston. New York. Chicago.

## GRAND AND UPRIGHT PIANOS

containing their Improved Method of Stringing, the greatest improvement in half a century.

THE CELEBRATED

### LISZT ORGAN

for Drawing-rooms and Churches is the most perfect instrument of its class. Catalogues free.

# LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY,

TRADE MARK

# DUNLAP & Co.

COPYRIGHTED

## CELEBRATED HATS,

—AND—

Ladies' Round Hats and Bonnets And The Dunlap Silk Umbrella.

178 & 180 Fifth Avenue, bet. 22d & 23d Sts. and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St. NEW YORK.

Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.

Agencies in all Principal Cities. Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

## Gorham Solid Silver.

The experience of fifty years, the equipment of the largest establishment in our line, and the services of the best designers, are at the disposal of our customers. Specially attractive designs in Wedding Presents are now offered for inspection and comparison.

GORHAM M'F'G Co.

SILVERSMITHS

BROADWAY AND 19TH STREET.

"YANKEE" Shaving Soap is guaranteed to cure the worst cases of pimples and all sores on the face—so distressing to those who **SHAVE**.

Used for over 50 years by over 50 million men.

For sale at all drug stores or sent, post paid, by the makers—on receipt of 15c. in stamps. Address The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct.

WILLIAMS'—GENUINE "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap 25c.

Try it for Rough Hands—Heals—Softens—Beautifies.

CROUCH & FITZGERALD, NEW YORK,

MAKE THE MOST RELIABLE

## Trunks, Bags, Dress Suit Cases Hat Cases.

For American and European Travel.

161 BROADWAY, bet. Cortlandt and Liberty Sts. 688 BROADWAY, bet. Fourth and Great Jones Sts. 701 SIXTH AVENUE, bet. 40th and 41st Sts.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

10 Cactus for \$1.00

Book on Cacti, 116 pages, 10 cts. CATALOGUE FREE. A. BLANC & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

# SPAULDING & Co

(INCORPORATED.)

## Gold and Silver Smiths

CHICAGO.

"A Day in June"

—Is no more rare than our present stock of Silverware, Diamonds, Precious Stones, Jewelry, Clocks, Bronzes, Leather Goods, and Objects D'Art.

Distance is no bar to purchasing, for we have a "Suggestion Book"—mailed free—which will give nearly as much information as a personal visit.

36 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris. State & Jackson Sts. Chicago.

25th Edition, postpaid, for 25c. (or stamps)

## THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F.R.A.S. C. F. LONG & Co., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa. "Every one should read this little book."—*Athenaeum.*

# Blanket Wraps

For Lounging, For the Sick Room, For the Nursery, For the Bath,

For Steamer Travelling, For the Railway Carriage, For Yachting,

For Men, Women, Children, and the Baby, \$2.75 to \$36, with hood and girdle complete. Samples and full instructions sent on application.

AT NOYES BROS.' 420 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Banker, 50 Broadway, New York, makes a Specialty of High-Class Gold Bonds paying 6 per cent. Interest.